

FRANCO-BRITISH DRIVING ON—BRITAIN'S WAR BILL NOW £7,260,000 DAILY

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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One Penny.

THE KING AND QUEEN AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AMONG THE ROYAL MOURNERS AT THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT'S FUNERAL.



Carrying the coffin up the steps of the chapel. Behind is the Duke of Connaught with his son and daughter-in-law, Prince and Princess Arthur, the King, between Queen

Mary and Queen Alexandra, and the Prince of Wales with Prince Albert (in naval uniform) and Prince Henry. Simplicity of ceremonial characterised the funeral.



Queen Alexandra and two of her grandsons.



Indian representatives.



The King and his mother.



The three Princes. Prince Henry wore the Eton College O.T.C. uniform.



The Duke and Prince Arthur saluting.

The ashes of the Duchess of Connaught were deposited yesterday in the Chapel of St. George, at Windsor, the home of British chivalry, where thirty-eight years ago this month she came as a bride. Guards of honour furnished by the Life Guards and Foot Guards

were posted in the grounds, while in the chapel itself the nave was lined with representatives of the Canadian regiments, including the Duchess of Connaught's Own Irish Canadian Rangers.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

\$7,260,000 A DAY OUR WAR BILL.

Mr. Bonar Law's Startling Revelation in House.

"SPECIAL PAYMENTS."

A startling increase in the cost of the war was revealed by Mr. Bonar Law, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons last night.

The daily average payment for war expenditure between February 11 last and March 31 next, the end of the current financial year, would, he estimated, be £7,260,000 a day.

In this period the Government had had heavy special payments falling due, which had increased the average expenditure by over £1,000,000 a day.

The average daily expenditure from April 1, 1916, to March 31, 1917, would work out approximately at £6,000,000 per day.

The Chancellor also gave the following figures:—

National Debt	£3,900,000,000
Due from Allies and	
Dominions	964,000,000

Mr. Law, in mentioning the increased cost of the war, pointed out that any estimate of the average daily war expenditure over a limited period, was bound to be misleading.

The gross expenditure on the Navy for 1915-16 was £211,421,914 and the net expenditure £205,733,596.

HOARDERS BEWARE.

Food Controller to Issue a Drastic Order Shortly.

Captain Bathurst stated yesterday in Parliament that the Food Controller proposed to deal drastically in an Order which would be shortly issued with the hoarding of all articles of food.

If there was any evidence that in any case the 2lb. of sugar per head of the population, as apportioned by the Royal Sugar Commission, was not available for domestic consumption, a searching investigation would be taken with a view to getting a more equitable distribution.

There is likely to be a good deal of criticism of the Food Controller's voluntary rationing scheme in the House of Lords on Thursday when Lord Desart will ask for a statement from Lord Devonport as to the success or otherwise of the scheme.

It is probable, *The Daily Mirror* understands, that the Food Controller will make an important announcement of a compulsory rationing scheme.

Limiting Coal Purchases.—The Board of Trade announced last night that the Controller of Coal Mines has requested the London merchants' committee to arrange that for the present no quantity exceeding one ton should be delivered at one time to any single household.

ROYAL BURIAL.

The King and Queen Attend Ceremony at Windsor.

Simplicity of ceremonial characterised the funeral of the Duchess of Connaught, which took place yesterday at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

The service was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, Canon J. N. Dalton, Canon Edgar Sheppard and Canon Clement Smith.

The casket containing the cremated remains, which arrived at Windsor overnight, had lain in the Albert Memorial Chapel, where a short service was held on its arrival.

On the arrival of the King and Queen a procession was formed in the Memorial Chapel. After Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith had moved and seconded a vote of condolence in the House of Commons last night Mr. Ginnell raised a protest.

"I understand she was a German by birth," he said, but his attempt to move an amendment was ruled out of order by the Speaker. The vote was carried.

NO GENERAL ELECTION THREAT.

Mr. Bonar Law, answering Mr. Billing yesterday in the House of Commons, who had asked him whether he would take immediate steps for the compilation of a new register, said that he could not elaborate previous replies on the subject.

Mr. Pringle, in view of the threat made on Friday, is not this a more urgent matter? Mr. Bonar Law: I made no threat, and I hope that the hon. members opposite (the Nationalists) did not regard it as a threat. Mr. Devlin: What was it, then?

Mr. Bonar Law: It was a statement of what I regarded as a possibility.

MR. CHURCHILL'S PLAN

Seizure of Gallipoli by Greek Army Proposed in August, 1914.

WARNING ABOUT TURKEY.

Further light on Mr. Churchill's part in the inception of the Gallipoli campaign is thrown by the publication of the following notes which replace the sense of some of the portions excised from the report of the Dardanelles campaign.

Towards the end of August, 1914, Mr. Churchill formed the opinion that Turkey would join the Central Powers. On September 1 he wrote privately to General Douglas, who was then Chief of the Imperial General Staff, in the following terms:—

"I arranged with Lord Kitchener yesterday that two officers from the Admiralty should meet two officers from the D.M.O.'s Department of the War Office to-day to examine and work out a plan for the seizure, by means of a Greek Army of adequate strength, of the Gallipoli Peninsula, with a view to admitting a British Fleet to the Sea of Marmora.

"In his absence I would ask you to give the necessary directions, as the matter is urgent, and Turkey may make war on us at any moment.

"The meeting can take place either here or at the War Office as soon as you can arrange with our Chief of the Staff. I will myself explain verbally to the Committee the points on which His Majesty's Government desire information."

On September 3 General Callwell, the Director of Military Operations, wrote a memorandum on the subject, in which he said that—

"It ought to be clearly understood that an attack upon the Gallipoli Peninsula from the sea side (outside the straits) is likely to prove an extremely difficult operation of war."

He expressed the opinion that it would not be justifiable to undertake the operation with an army of less than 60,000 men.

An officer from the Admiralty was asked the following question: "Did the Intelligence in your possession favour the idea that the arrival of the British Fleet would have produced a revolution in Constantinople?" He replied: "Oh, yes; certainly I would. I feel no hesitation in saying that."

hombardment it was suspected by the Admiralty that the forts of the Dardanelles were getting short of ammunition. Evidence was subsequently obtained which showed that the suspicion was well-grounded.

On March 17 General Paget, who was engaged on a special mission in the Balkans, telegraphed to Lord Kitchener that—

"The operations in the Dardanelles have made a deep impression; that all possibilities of Bulgaria attacking any Balkan State that might side with the Entente is now over, and there is some reason to think that shortly the Bulgarian Army will move against Turkey to co-operate in the Dardanelles operations."

HUN LOSSES 4,148,163.

Latest Lists Show That Over One Million Germans Are Dead.

The casualties reported in the German official lists during the month of February, 1917, total 60,471. This total, added to casualties reported in previous months, brings the totals reported in German official lists since the beginning of the war to:—

Killed and died of wounds	946,223
Died of sickness	61,177
Prisoners	284,569
Missing	266,295
Severely wounded	546,627
Wounded	301,265
Slightly wounded	1,532,194
Wounded, remaining with units	228,701
	4,148,163

The above figures do not constitute an estimate by the British authorities, but merely represent those given in German official lists.



The old main bridge at Frankfurt-on-Main which was bombed by a French airman as a reprisal for Bapaume.

"DANGER NOT OVER."

Premier on Russian Revolution—An Epoch in History.

PETROGRAD IN RED.

The danger of the Russian revolution was not yet over, but the new Government had been formed for the purpose of carrying on the war with increased vigour.

This is what Mr. Lloyd George told the House of Commons yesterday, the Prime Minister adding that the Government had every confidence that the Russian people would find that liberty is compatible with order, even in revolutionary times, and that a free people were the best defenders of their own honour.

They were confident that these events, marking as they did an epoch in the history of the world and the first triumph for the principles for which this country entered the war, would result not in any confusion or slackening in the conduct of the war but in a closer and more effective co-operation between the Russian people and their Allies.

A motion on the Russian situation will be taken in the House of Commons on Thursday.

PETROGRAD, Sunday Night.—Petrograd is celebrating victory quietly. The streets are full, but the crowd is orderly. Soldiers are drilling and the palaces and public buildings are draped in red.

The abolition of the Pale and the admission of Jews into Russian brotherhood will strengthen the financial position of Russia.

ROME, Monday.—The Grand Duke Nicholas has arrived at Petrograd.—Exchange.

The Swedish social Democrats learn that most of the members of the Duma's Executive Committee were willing to appoint the Tsar's son as Emperor, but the Socialist members declared that if this were done they would proclaim a republic.

"UNWILLING MOTHERS".

Doctor's Indictment of Women Who Evade "the Great Task."

"There are women who marry with the deliberate intention of evading motherhood," was the statement made by Major T. Watts Eden at the opening yesterday of the National Institute of Mothercraft.

"I have been consulted," he added, "by large numbers of women who advanced the most trivial excuses for getting out of their duty."

"Sometimes it was hunting; sometimes it was travelling; and sometimes the excuse was that they would be ill during the London season. Of course, they apply unsuccessfully to the doctors. I hope that is understood."

Motherhood, Major Watts Eden continued, was the first and greatest task of women.

LOVE ON THE FILMS.

"Too Much Fooling About," Says Schoolgirl to Cinema Commission.

To get at the inner mind of a child, the Cinema Commission yesterday adopted the novel course of calling three South London schoolgirls. Two were thirteen years of age and the other, a bright little Irish girl, of twelve.

"I should like to see a picture of the circus," said one of the elder girls in answer to questions.

"I should like a good drama, but not a love drama," replied the second thirteen-year-old girl.

"You don't like love dramas, then?"—"No, I don't," was the emphatic reply. "There's too much fooling about in them, and there's always hatred between two men and two women."

"What sort of pictures do children like?"

"The girls (in chorus): "When cowboys and Indians come on they're lovely clapped."

"Do you like flowers or birds' nests?"—"No, not very much."

"Charlie Chaplin?"—"Yes," they exclaimed gleefully.

They didn't care for views of landscapes except in a few instances.

A BRITISH DESTROYER SUNK IN CHANNEL RAID.

Another Torpedoed While On Rescue Work.

FOE'S HURRIED FLIGHT.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

The Admiralty announced yesterday that enemy destroyers shelled the undefended watering place of Ramsgate for a few minutes on the night of the 17th-18th inst.

They retired hurriedly before our local forces and escaped in the darkness.

It was not possible to ascertain the damage inflicted on them.

At almost the same time enemy destroyers engaged one of our destroyers on patrol to the eastward of the Straits of Dover, sinking her with a torpedo.

She returned the fire, using torpedoes and guns. The result is not known.

There were eight survivors from the crew, but all the officers were drowned.

A second British destroyer was torpedoed, but not seriously damaged, while picking up the survivors from the vessel.

A British merchant vessel in the northern part of the Downs was sunk by a torpedo during the night of the 17th-18th.

The next-of-kin have been informed.

"FORTIFIED PORT."

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

One of our naval aeroplanes on Saturday afternoon dropped bombs on the gasworks at Dover. On Sunday night portions of our naval forces again penetrated the Straits of Dover and the mouth of the Thames.

The southern attacking group sank a hostile destroyer of the Channel patrol in a fight at

"THE MAN WHO FORGOT."

By RUBY M. AYRES.

The opening chapters of this fascinating story will be found on page 9 of to-day's "Daily Mirror."

This story has been published "by special request" of our readers; and it will delight them, for it is the best serial that Miss Ayres has so far written.

The tremendous times in which we are living are her inspiration, but the war is not the topic of the story.

close quarters, and a second destroyer was seriously damaged.

The northern attacking group torpedoed a merchant vessel of about 1,500 tons near the North Foreland and sank (1) two outpost vessels by artillery fire.

Subsequently this group effectively shelled the fortified port of Margate at close range.

The enemy land batteries replied unsuccessfully and our naval forces returned absolutely free from damage or casualties.—Reuter.

'BOMBS ON LONDON' TALE.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Berlin, March 17.—"One of our naval airship squadrons, in spite of violent counter-attacks by hostile airmen and anti-aircraft guns, successfully dropped bombs on London and the South-Eastern counties during an attack lasting half an hour. Our airships returned safely."

"According to French reports L.39 was brought down by French anti-aircraft guns near Compiegne, to the north-east of Paris, at an altitude of 11,000ft."

The telegram adds the following details, which it declares are from an authoritative source:—

"The airships observed no fewer than fifty-six searchlights in the London area. "By the aid of these lights they were hotly, but fruitlessly, bombarded with incendiary projectiles. Hostile airmen also took part in the attacks on the airships, without, however, succeeding in approaching them."

"During the journey back a heavy storm arose. The airships were vainly sought for by the searchlights of the Thames defences and by the British outposts."—Reuter.

FULL PENSIONS FOR BROKEN HEROES

When the Civil Service Estimates came under discussion in the House of Commons yesterday a number of members criticised the warrant under which an increased scale of pay is to be granted to disabled men.

Mr. Barnes, the Pensions Minister, said that men affected by disease—neither attributable to nor aggravated by war service—would get a gratuity of £100 or less. At present they got nothing. Men who had been broken in the war would be entitled to the full pension under the warrant.

GEN. ROBERTSON SEES THE KING.

General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was received by the King last evening.

BRITISH ADVANCE 8 MILES 40 VILLAGES TAKEN

Our Cavalry and Advanced Guards Drive Back German Rearguards.

SIR D. HAIG: 'PURSUIT OF ENEMY CONTINUED.'

Our Airmen Successfully Engage the Retreating Troops with Machine Guns—French Pressing On.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Monday.

9.37 P.M.—The pursuit of the enemy was continued to-day, our cavalry and advance guards driving back the enemy's rearguards.

The ground gained extends to a depth of from 2 to 8 miles, and 40 more villages have fallen into our hands.

The enemy raided our trenches early this morning in the neighbourhood of Loos and north-east of Ypres. A few of our men are missing.

Our aeroplanes did much valuable work yesterday in co-operation with our infantry.

The enemy's troops were engaged successfully with machine guns, and bombs were dropped in a number of places behind his lines.

In air fights one German machine was destroyed and one driven down damaged. Two of our aeroplanes are missing.

FRENCH CAPTURE GERMAN SECOND POSITION.

Guiscard Occupied by Our Allies—Shameful Devastation by the Foe.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

PARIS, Monday.—During the night our light detachments, keeping in close touch with the enemy, continued their advance without a stop. East of Nesle we reached the Ham-Nesle railway line at several points. North of Noyon we occupied Guiscard [six miles north-east of Noyon], and we advanced our patrols along the national road of St. Quentin.

East of the Oise we captured the second German position. The number of French townships and villages liberated by us in the last three days is now about 100.

Many localities were devastated and pillaged shamefully by the enemy.

Thousands of the inhabitants that the Germans had not been able to drive away are coming forward to welcome our soldiers.

BERLIN SAYS RETREAT WAS "UNDISTURBED."

"Prudent and Heroic Conduct of Rear-guard Troops."

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Western Front.—During the past few days a tract of land between the region of Arras and of the Aisne was evacuated by us in accordance with plans.

The movements, prepared long beforehand, were carried out without disturbance by the hesitating pursuing enemy.

The rearguard troops, by their prudent and heroic conduct, screened the evacuation of the positions and the departure of the forces.

In the evacuated regions traffic (railway) establishments which may have been of use to the enemy were destroyed. A portion of the population, after being provided with a few days' supply of provisions, was left behind.—Admiralty per Wireless.

Night.—In the Somme and the Oise regions there have been several engagements between our rearguards and British and French raiding detachments.—Admiralty per Wireless.

MONASTIR BATTLES.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Macedonian Front.—The battles between the Oehrida and Prespa Lakes and in the basin of the Monastir stream continued yesterday.

In the neck of land between the lakes and north-west of Monastir the French were beaten back. North of the town, by ruthlessly sacrificing their troops, they secured a small gain of ground.

East of the Doiran Lake the railway station of Poraj, after the British had been driven off, was again occupied by us.—Reuter.

Night Official.—West of the Prespa Lake and north of Monastir fresh attacks made by the French have failed.—Admiralty per Wireless.

GREAT GERMAN ATTACK AGAINST VERDUN.

French Smash Assaulting Waves on Large Part of Front.

The French and German officials on the Verdun fighting state:—

French.—After a violent bombardment directed against the Avocourt-Mort Homme front, the Germans launched a powerful attack against our positions between these two points.

Our barrage and machine gun fire smashed the waves of the assault on the greater part of the front attacked before they had been able to reach our lines and inflicted heavy losses on the enemy.

In the direction of Hill 304 and on the edge of the Avocourt Wood, where enemy parties had succeeded in penetrating into our lines on a front of about 200 yards, lively hand-to-hand fighting occurred, in consequence of which the enemy was partly driven out of our advanced elements.

German.—On the south-east edge of Malancourt Wood and on the eastern slope of Height 304 some companies of proved regiments stormed several lines of French trenches extending to a width of from 500 to 800 yards and brought back as prisoners eight officers and 485 men, as well as several machine guns and mine throwers.

On the southern slope of the Mort Homme also a thrust by our raiding troops resulted in the bringing in of several prisoners.—Reuter.

HUNS' POISON SHELLS.

SALONIKA, Sunday (received yesterday).—On the night of the 16th the enemy artillery fired a large number of shells containing asphyxiating gases at the town of Monastir.

A large number of persons were killed and injured, among them women and children.—Reuter.

WHERE THE GERMANS MAY MAKE NEXT STAND.

Cambrai-St. Quentin Line Said To Be Thick with Troops.

How far will the Germans retreat and where will they make their next stand?

These are questions which everyone is asking. The Paris *Figaro* (says a Reuter's telegram) considers it reasonable to suppose that the line Vimy-Cambrai-St. Quentin-La Fere-Laon marks the extreme limit of withdrawal which the enemy intends to reach.

The Echo de Paris writes:—The main point is that our advance, in pursuance of strict instructions, is being carried out with the greatest caution. We must be prepared for a possible counter-action by the enemy at some point where we have pushed forward our cavalry far ahead.

PARIS, Monday.—The *Petit Parisien* says:—It is said that the Cambrai-St. Quentin line is crowded with troops and powerfully defended, and it is possible that the enemy is thus attempting to imitate the French manoeuvre at the Marne, but the conditions are no longer the same.—Central News.



The "Hindenburg line" on which the Germans are retiring is the line Vimy-Cambrai-St. Quentin-La Fere-Laon.

TURKS HASTILY RETIRING ON KHANIKIN.

Part of the Town of Bakubah Occupied by General Maude's Troops.

BRITISH (TIGRIS) OFFICIAL.

During the night of the 17th-18th General Maude's troops effected a crossing over a considerable extent of the river bank, and is a good supply centre. The inhabitants are friendly and ready to trade.

The enemy retired hastily towards Khanikin.

Bakubah is a prosperous town spread over a considerable extent of the river bank, and is a good supply centre. The inhabitants are friendly and ready to trade.

In this connection it is interesting to note that Petrograd officials report that the Russians, in pursuit of the Turks in Persia, have occupied Harunabad.

Harunabad is twenty miles beyond Kermanshah and seventy-five miles by road from Khanikin, the frontier town, at which place presumably, Russian and British troops may join hands. Khanikin is about fifty miles north-east of Bakubah.

MORE RUSSIAN PROGRESS.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Caucasian Front.—In the region south of the town of Bana our troops dislodged the Turks from a number of positions. The latter are retiring in the direction of Pendshekin.

In the direction of Kermanshah our troops in pursuing the enemy occupied Harunabad (twenty miles south-west of Kermanshah).—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

U.S. VIRTUALLY AT WAR WITH GERMANY.

President Expected to Use Navy Against Submarines.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—It was unofficially admitted yesterday evening that a state of war virtually exists between America and Germany. Technically the United States remains in a position of armed neutrality.

One step which the President is contemplating is an immediate session of Congress to receive an address requesting authority to adopt aggressive measures against submarines.

The next move may be to send war vessels to seek out submarines and clear the transatlantic lane.—Reuter.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—The demobilisation of \$5,000 National Guardmen in the Federal Service has been stopped.—Exchange.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—Officials have indicated that the President will soon announce his course of action in regard to the sinking of three American ships.

The State Department, on inquiry, said: "The situation is too serious to discuss." Mr. Lansing has conferred with the President. The capital is quiet, but an ominous calm is prevailing in official circles.

It is believed when he meets Congress the President will announce that a state of war had existed since March 18, and will ask for a war measure immediately.

It is reported that the President is considering the utilisation of the navy more vigorously against submarines. The President is, however, silent respecting his plans.—Exchange.

SKIRMISHES WITH THE UHLANS.

How Patrols Found Places Empty of Foe Troops.

GREAT SALIENT GONE.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, BRITISH FRONT, FRANCE, Monday.—According to the latest accounts the British advance has now reached a line west of Bapaume, extending from Vaulx-Vraucourt (four miles north-east of Bapaume) to Ytres (six miles east-south-east of Bapaume).—Reuter.

(The distance from Vaulx to Ytres is six miles.)

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Monday.—These are stirring days upon the western front.

After many months of almost wholly static warfare, it needs some effort of fancy to realise that our troops are now engaged in open field campaigning, that British cavalry patrols are skirmishing with small parties of Uhlans, and that batteries of artillery are constantly galloping across country to take up new positions covering the retreat of the enemy.

The rapidity of our advance has unquestionably upset the calculations of the enemy. Position after position upon which he might well have calculated to make a stand he is being driven from by the weight of our columns and during the past forty-eight hours we have pushed the Germans off something like 200 square miles of French soil.

DRIVING IN REARGUARDS.

What we presume they had intended to be an orderly retirement, masked by frequent delaying actions, has developed into a rapid retreat and our patrols are fighting their rearguards all the way and at times driving these in very close upon the main enemy forces.

Unfortunately to-day the weather gives indications of an impending change. The sky is dark and a gale of wind is roaring over the battlefield.

From the reports that are coming back it is already abundantly clear that the Germans are being considerably mauled as they go.

The British front from the suburbs of Arras in the north to the neighbourhood of Nesle in the south has now lost the character of a line of defence.

OPEN WARFARE.

It has streamed forward in an elusive contour of open warfare.

In a general way at the moment of writing this onflowing contour runs from south of Arras to beyond Achiet-le-Grand, bears away east-south-east to Haplincourt, thence south to Peronne and along the Somme to the outskirts of Epenancourt, afterwards trailing away south-south-west towards Nesle.

At varying distances east of that indeterminate line are pushing on patrols of infantry and cavalry, which are constantly seizing fresh villages, sometimes to find them still held by rearguard forces and sometimes to discover that the Germans have cleared out. Thus, for example, after our troops had occupied Peronne, a patrol was pushed forward into Bussu, about two miles to the north-east, but without getting into touch with the enemy.

At the same time another patrol got across the Somme, and the only partly-damaged bridge of Brie and hurried on into a village a mile away to discover it was empty.

JOFFE'S OLD LINE.

But perhaps the most striking feature of the situation, and certainly one which best illustrates the rapidity of our advance during the past two days, is the fact that our patrols have got astride the railway and the road between Arras and Bapaume in various places between the two towns without encountering any resistance.

While this cannot as yet be taken to mean that we have the undisputed use of these routes, it does prove that the Germans are back behind them. It only needs a glance at the map to show that the great Le Transloy-Hebuterne-Arras salient has disappeared.

It is an interesting fact that we are now holding practically the line which Joffre chose upon which to try to make a stand during the great retreat, but which the French Army was unable to hold under the heavy pressure of the enemy.

An earlier Reuter Special message said:—Every movement of the enemy is being watched with cat-like vigilance, and all along the line we are prepared to pounce.

SPRING COMPLEXIONS



VEN-YUSA Is Safer than Soap

THE lady who would preserve the beauty of her complexion in Spring should abandon soap for the time being and use Ven-Yusa, the Oxygen Face Cream, for toilet purposes.

Sponge the face with warm water, rub the Cream in gently, and wipe off with a soft towel. The complexion will then appear soft, smooth and clear, with the natural colour tones brought out to perfection.

Ven-Yusa helps the tired, jaded skin back to health. By virtue of its novel oxygen properties, it puts fresh life into the tissues and affords real protection against those trying March winds which dry the skin and cause cracked lips and those unsightly patches of soreness on the cheeks.

Ven-Yusa is not a mere vanity touch. The "oxygen bath" which Ven-Yusa gives the skin is really necessary to obviate spring complexion blemishes.

Miss GLADYS COOPER writes—

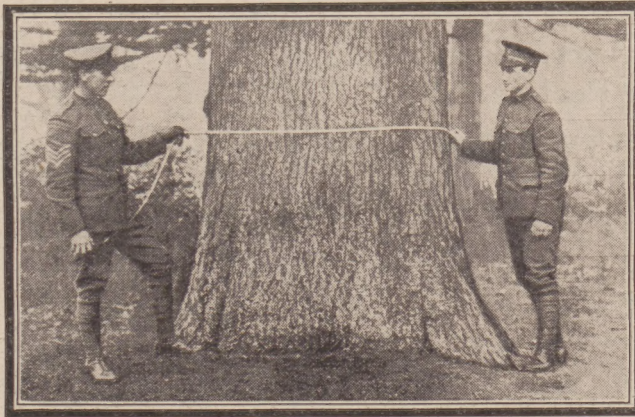
"I have found Ven-Yusa really splendid. It seems to me to have a most refreshing and softening effect on the skin."

"I have particularly noticed the absence of the slightest appearance of grease, either at the time of using or later on. Ven-Yusa is really an exquisite face cream."



1/- per jar, at Chemists and Stores, or from C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

HUGE TREE FELLED IN ROYAL FOREST.



Measuring the trunk, which was nearly 20ft. in circumference.



After it was felled. These trees are now scarce.

This cedar, which is supposed to be the largest tree of its kind in the world, has just been felled by a Canadian forestry battalion on one of the royal estates. It was of cedars of Lebanon that King Solomon's temple was constructed.

EIGHT MEN WHO ARE POSTED AS MISSING.



Rifleman J. W. Denn (K.R.R.C.). Write to Mrs. Denn, at 1, Clova-road, Forest Gate, London, E. 7.



Private W. B. Fuller (Rangers). Write to 37, Kingswood-road, Clapham Park, London, S.W.



Private H. Blissett (Royal Fusiliers). Write to N. Rolfe, Post Office, West Row, Suffolk.



Private F. Pritchard (Australian Imperial Force). Write to 23, Park-street, Southend-on-Sea.



Private H. J. Andrews (Coldstream Guards M.C.C.). Write to 36, York-road, West Harlepool.



Rifleman H. Springbett (Rifle Brigade). Write to Mrs. Springbett, 47, Burnt Ash-road, Lee, London, S.E.

MILITARY MEDAL.



Sergeant W. J. Lloyd (K.R.R.). His father is a member of The Daily Mirror machine room staff.



Private B. L. Pepper (Royal West Kents). Write to 7, Aynscomb-angle, Orpington, Kent.



Private Thomas Chisholm (Irish Fusiliers). Write to Mrs. Chisholm, St. Enoch Hotel, Glasgow.

LIBERTY'S WASHING CRAPE DRESSES AT SPECIAL PRICES



READY-TO-WEAR DAY DRESS

In durable and soft draping crape. Collar, cuffs and head of hand-printed silk.

COLOURINGS
Light & dark blue
reseda
pink
green
blissful
tan &
mauve

SIZES
13, 14 & 14 1/2 in. necks.

35/-

PATTERN CARD
with other designs
POST FREE

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LIBERTY & CO. REGENT ST. LONDON

WALLIS' The Mecca of the Thrifty.



USEFUL HAT

made of
M. Hinery
C. r. e. s.
with tagel
edge, side band
embroidered with
silk and small
Velvet flowers,
finished with
knit of rib-
bon. In 867, Nig-
er, Navy, Batt &
Black, Rose and
Putty.
SPECIAL
PRICE 7/11

SMART OSTRICH RUFFLE

made of excellent
quality Feather.
In Black, White,
Navy, Bottle,
Niger, Purple,
a & in mixed
Black and White,
Grey and White,
and Natural and
White.
SPECIAL
PRICE 7/11
Post Free.

We are holding this week our Great Sale of New Spring Fashions, and are also disposing of the Stock of Lascelles & Cie, Costumiers, Wardour Street, bought at a discount of 47 1/2 per cent. off Lascelles' prices. Clearance Prices.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1917.

CAUTIONARY.

THE public received the important news from the western front yesterday in a mood that we may perhaps best describe as "cautionary"; and the public does well to be cautious.

The full significance of the big movements now going on will not appear, until we see how far the Germans will withdraw, and what sort of advantages their choice of a new fortified line will leave them. For the moment it is important to understand—and we think the public have shown that they do understand—that there can be no "big victory" without big captures of men and material. It appears, so far, that the Germans are withdrawing in order, without any of such surrenders, and in a manner that evidently answers an intention come to many months ago.

There need be no flag-waving then. Past disappointments on our side have largely destroyed the taste for that form of entertainment. But, though we need not and do not shout, we do not despond either. For the moment we prefer to "wait and see." (The public defers judgment.)

The obvious danger we have to face in such a situation as begins to outline itself in France is that the Germans, having their big guns ready on a long-prearranged line, will be able to hamper our installation on our new line . . . As to that, we have to trust our tried leaders in the field; for they must know the alternatives in a situation long anticipated.

For it is surely absurd to talk of the retreat as of a thing sprung upon us—unforeseen.

It was for the Germans (as we said immediately on receipt of the British communiqué yesterday) a choice between two evils. They have well chosen in choosing the lesser evil, and they seem to have acted with success upon their choice.

Having said that, you have surely said all that is unfavourable to our side.

You have to add, next, that the retreat presents itself as a battle in process of preparation. That is all.

Nothing more is known, or can be said, at present.

And indeed the situation "on all fronts" demands suspended judgment. Yet it inspires hope also. Great effort, seconded by hope—that may well be the watchword, until events define themselves more clearly; or are defined for us by those in a position to estimate them at their proper value. W. M.

THE CROCUS.

Out of the frozen earth below,
Out of the melting of the snow,
No flower, but a film, I push to light;
No stem, no bud,—yet I have burst
The bars of winter, I am the first,
O Sun, to greet thee out of the night!
Bare are the branches, cold is the air,
Yet it is fire at the heart I bear,
I come, a flame that is fed by none;
The summer hath blossoms for her delight,
Thick and dewy and waxy-white,
Thou seest me golden, O golden Sun!
Deep in the warm sleep underground
Life is still, and the peace profound:
Yet a beam that pierced, and a thrill that smote
Called me and drew me from far away—
I rose, I came, to the open day
I have won, unsheltered, alone, remote.
—H. E. HAMILTON-KING.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.—Swift.

CANADIAN FISH FOR THE "BESIEGED CITY."

HINTS ON CHEAPER FOODS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

By EDWARD ADYE.

A good deal has been written, and written in vain, about the importance of fish as an article of diet for islanders "in a state of siege."

I have always noticed that it is hard, if not impossible, to uproot the habits of people in regard to food. If they "don't like" a food they will not even consider it. They will not consider even that it may be made palatable and pleasant by good cooking and clever preparation.

So we see now, that, in the relative scarcity of many kinds of fish, the plentiful and

stitutes, and, provided the changes be sensibly handled, the effect on the general health should be good according to the expert medical authorities.

"There is not," said one of the foremost men at Billingsgate, "one house in a score that makes a proper use of fish, nor two houses in a street where salt fish is known as a great help to an economical family menu. Like all other things, salt fish has gone up in price, yet it should be regarded as cheap at 8d. per pound."

A HEALTHY FOOD.

In some parts of the United Kingdom the garden patch supplies nearly all the vegetables, and salt fish figures very frequently as the meat of some of the strongest and healthiest men of the nation. It would be well to have such facts more widely known, since it is very necessary to become practically acquainted with many things unfamiliar but

"SERVANTS AND SAVING."

REFORM NEEDED IN THE ART OF DOMESTIC SERVICE.

REFORM DOMESTIC SERVICE.

WHEREVER two or three women are gathered together the conversation drifts to dress or servants—or both. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that this used to be the case. Nowadays, women of the same kind are more absorbed in the mysteries of "R.E.," "R.A.," "Reserve Battalions," and kindred subjects. The really Army woman of the past rarely talked "shop"; the women of the "temporarily gazzetted" talk nothing else.

So it has come about that servant talk has gone out of fashion, although the domestic servant problem is more acute than ever. Nowadays servants are almost unprocurable, for the girls who used to "go into service"—often as a last resort—can obtain more congenial work. After the war, however, it will revive with accumulated energy. Servants are a much abused class, and they deserve a great deal of the abuse they get. But the mistresses are not altogether blameless. Domestic service is the refuge of the incompetent, and it is not to be wondered at that servants so often give trouble.

The servant trouble would disappear if the position of the domestic helper were reformed. The relations between mistress and maid are often absurd. Let the mistresses require efficient service, and pay for it, and the supply will be forthcoming. Women often get the servants they deserve. T. D.

SUBMARINES AND LITERATURE!

MANY papers are falling out of existence; the prices are doubled of those that remain, and one hears that fewer new books than ever are to be published.

What then? Shall we, instead of rushing to the library for the newest tangle of love and matrimony, turn for "something to read" to those volumes, suspiciously dusty, on our own shelves—the uniform Shakespeares that was a wedding present; the standard Dickens we had when we came of age; the "Palgrave's Golden Treasury" and "Essays of Elia," we won as prizes at school? So much the better if we do.

The Zeppelins gave us back the stars—perhaps the submarines will give us back literature.

HANDY ANDY.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 19.—Autumn-sown cauliflowers that were wintered in a cold frame must now be hardened off by exposing them to the air. A little later they may be planted out into rich soil and in a warm situation. Cauliflowers may now be sown in a box placed in a frame or greenhouse.

The useful autumn giant cauliflowers can now be sown outside, as well as under cover. These will then be ready from September onwards. Mint may be planted now. Established beds will be benefited by a dressing of rich soil at this date.

E. F. T.

THE GRADUAL DEPRESSION OF THE WILLIES.



In all they say and do the Willies still try to keep up heart. But undoubtedly their general demeanour is more drooping and pacific than it was at the beginning of the war.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

cheaper sorts have none the less not been any more generally used. No. "We don't like salt fish." It will do for the foreigner.

Millions of herrings have gone to feed the foreigner during those critical times, "in the ordinary course of trade," because our own people are not very keen on their use.

Yet every authority speaks highly of the nutritive value to the worker of salt fish, and it seems strange that the matter has not attracted more attention from the housekeeper.

There may be no really severe tightening of belts necessary, but very radical changes in dietary are imperative. Rabbits and wild birds are likely to be seen on tables where they seldom or never appeared before. The varying of the vegetable dishes rendered necessary by the temporary disappearance of potatoes may involve the use of strange sub-

wholesome. The success of the Canadian fish ratings recently issued to the home troops in England is a proof, if any were needed, of the salutary effect of such a dietary. This fish, cleaned and dressed and frozen within a few minutes of leaving the water, was sent over in steamers specially fitted with refrigerators. This scheme for the troops was first instituted by Sir Sam Hughes, and has been cordially adopted by our own authorities. Our "Tom-mies," whose hard work in the open air makes them capital trenchermen; heartily welcome fresh fish every Friday and cured haddock occasionally instead of bacon.

Difficulties of getting freightage for the practically inexhaustible supplies of cod, hake, halibut, haddock and salmon from Canada and, further, the lack of cold storage in this country prevent for the present such

imports for the civil population. But these difficulties may be overcome at a very early date. Then it would be possible, even though the freight be eight times higher than the normal rate, to sell fresh Canadian halibut in London at 6d. per pound.

It should be added that the success of the new fish supply for the troops carries a further advantage, in that it releases large supplies of beef, which would otherwise not be available for general consumption. The development of the Canadian trade, too, means keeping within the Empire a great deal of money usually sent to other countries in payment for meat.

Meantime we should make the most of the fish supplies at hand. Now that the need is urgent the ordinary householder should learn to appreciate the value even of salt fish.

WELL PROTECTED AGAINST COLD.



In the foretop of a British battleship in the North Sea.—(Official photograph.)

THE FUNERAL OF THE DUCHESS OF CONN.



The procession on the way to the chapel, showing Prince Arthur, the King (with bowed head) walking between his wife and mother, and the Prince of Wales, Prince

Albert and Prince Henry

THE SOLACE OF BOOKS.



Poilus turning over the secondhand books which are sold on the riverside at Paris. Reading is the greatest solace of many wounded men.

TWO HEROES DECORATED.



Cpl. A. Hargreaves (trench mortar battery), awarded the French Military Medal for consistent good work.



Sapper James Bourne (R.E.), Military Medal. He has been eighteen months in France.

HUNTING FIELD DEBUT.



Lady Mary Grosvenor, younger daughter of the Duke of Westminster, at a meet at Saighton Grange, the Countess Grosvenor's Cheshire home.

THE FRANCO-BRITISH FORCES STILL ADVANCING—A CITADEL



The old citadel at Peronne, which we have captured.



General Dubois



Laying a railroad across newly captured ground.—(Official photograph.)

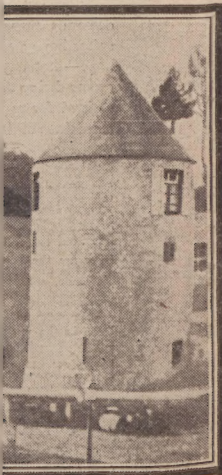
The French announced yesterday that they had liberated about 100 villages and townships in three days, while, according to the *Matin's* calculation, the enemy have yielded 800 square miles of territory to the Allies. The light

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT WINDSOR.



The Duke of Connaught, the King (with the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert and Prince Henry behind. The Archbishop of Canterbury is walking immediately in front of the coffin.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

THE ALLIES STILL ADVANCING—A CITADEL NOW SADLY OUT OF DATE.



has been captured.



General Dubois questions a wounded poilu.—(French official.)

conquered 800 square miles of territory to the Allies. The light railway now plays a vastly important part in modern warfare, and miles of lines will have to be laid by us as we advance. Sometimes across country covered with mud.

WOMEN WASHING AN AEROPLANE.

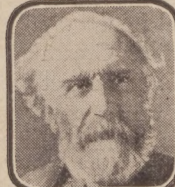


A scene at a French flying school, where many women are employed.—(French War Office.)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.

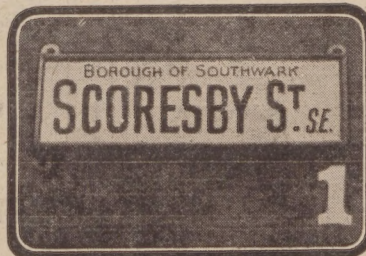


Skipper Richard Combe (R.N.R.), awarded the D.S.M. He was formerly a Musselburgh fisherman.



M. Ribot, who has been asked by President Poincaré to form a Cabinet. M. Briand has resigned.

S.E. 1—A LOCAL EFFORT.

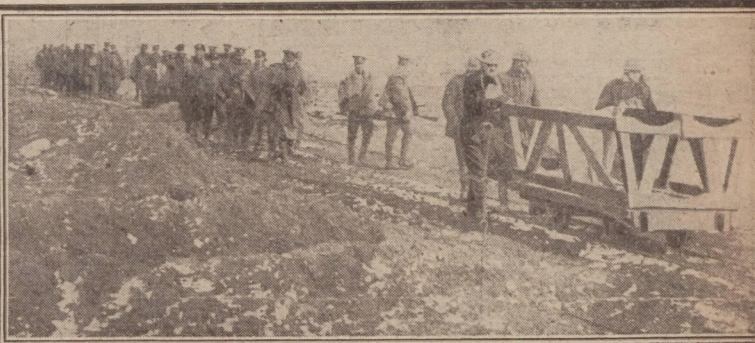


In the borough of Southwark the new postal districts numbers are being painted under the signs on which the street names are printed.

LOST WELL DISCOVERED.



Drawing up water at Wimbledon after finding a well which had been lost. These men dug up the waste ground until they found it.



Troops coming in along a light railroad track.—(Official photograph.)



Your skin needs Icilma

The need of carefully guarding your skin and complexion *now* is of the utmost importance, for nothing plays havoc with a good clear complexion more than March winds and rain. By all means use a good Toilet Cream regularly, but make quite sure to get the most suitable—the one which *costs least and does most good*—ICILMA CREAM.

Icilma Cream is so perfectly pure and harmless that it will suit the most sensitive skin—besides, containing as it does the stimulating Icilma Natural Water, it *really* benefits the skin and complexion in a more natural and better way than any other toilet preparation. It makes and keeps the skin soft, smooth and clear in all weathers.

Icilma Cream *costs least*, as a 1/- pot will last several weeks. It has a quaint and delightful fragrance which makes it a sheer pleasure to use. Entirely non-greasy and British made. *Use it daily and look your best.*

Icilma

Cream

(Guaranteed not to grow Hair.)

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The Lady Farmer's Boot

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Reliable and Unique.

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All sizes in stock: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Made in two different widths:
No. 4 (medium) and No. 5 (wide).

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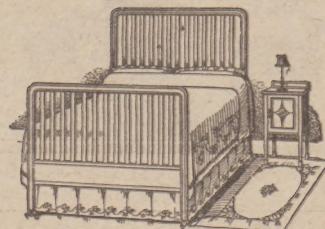


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STRATFORD, E.—196-198, The Grove.
CROYDON—30, 32 and 34, George Street.
BACKNEY, N.E.—321, Mare Street.
WIMBLEDON, S.W.—4, Merton Rd., Broadway.
WOOLWICH, S.E.—73, Fowis Street.
HOLLOWAY, N.—40-51, Seven Sisters Road.
CHISWICK, W.—68, High Road.
MANCHESTER—The Palatine, Victoria St.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—106-7, Broadway, and Queen's Road.

READ THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF OUR NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

THE MAN WHO FORGOT. By RUBY M. AYRES.

CHAPTER I.

THE WEB OF FATE.

THE monotonous whir-whir of the sewing machine that had been the only sound in the little room stopped suddenly, and Nan Marraby leaned her elbows on the table before her and ran her fingers through her rough hair with a weary gesture.

"Fed up, fed up, fed up!" she said fiercely. Then all at once she laughed, looking across at the girl who sat in a low chair by the fire, with a newspaper spread on her knees, her eyes intent on a column, down which her finger was moving slowly, as if counting something.

Nan watched her for a moment in silence, a little frown bending her level brows; then she said gently:

"Leave that old casualty list alone, dear. What is the good of worrying yourself, when you know quite well that Tim is all right. It's no use crossing an imaginary bridge before you come to it." She pushed back her chair, and, rising, went over to her friend and, stooping, drew the newspaper gently away from her.

"I don't believe in meeting trouble more than halfway," she said briskly. "Heavens! what a sight I look!"

She had caught a glimpse of her reflection in a glass over the mantelpiece, and she laughed, eyeing her rough hair ruefully.

"Why in the world didn't a kind Providence present me with a sleek head like yours?" she demanded. She glanced down at the smooth, fair hair of the girl beside her with faint envy. "I don't believe you're paying the least attention," she complained aggressively.

Nan Endicott raised her eyes; there was a dreamy, faraway expression in them. It was perfectly evident that she had not been listening to a word of what her friend had been saying.

There are only three casualties in Tim's regiment to-day," she said. "Amongst the officers, I mean—and all second lieutenants," she added mournfully. "Two wounded and one missing. Oh, Nan—"

"I absolutely decline to discuss the war," Nan broke in, curtly, though her eyes were very tender. "For heaven's sake let's pretend to be cheerful, even if we're not! Stand up, and let me try on your blouse—it's almost finished."

She stooped and took Joan's hand, dragging her feet. "You know quite well that Tim's leave may come along any day now," she said, cheerfully. "And you haven't got a decent rag to try on your back. He loves pretty things."

"Right! You look ten years younger when you smile."

"I should never smile at all if it wasn't for you," Joan said. She turned about obediently and submitted to be buttoned into the jaunty pink blouse which Nan had fetched from the table.

"I think you're a most wonderful person," she said, enviously.

"I wish I were strong and plucky, like you are. I shall never forget you when that telegram came from France. You took it so calmly—if it had been me I believe I should have died," she added, tragically.

"Rubbish! Nan's mouth was full of pins. She pined and unpined and altered critically for a moment, then she said, in an odd, choked sort of voice, which might have been due to the pins or to a throatful of tears: "Because I appeared to take it calmly it doesn't mean that I didn't feel anything! I felt as if I wanted to shriek—to throw myself down on the floor and scream, and yell blue murder and hatred against England, but I didn't. I held my breath. 'I didn't, you see; and, as it turned out, things weren't as bad as we thought, and if everything goes all right, Peter'll be home soon, and then—'" She stopped abruptly, as if there were words in which to express what would happen then.

"I'm longing to see him," Joan said, interestedly. "From all accounts Peter must be a wonderful man; that's all I can say!"

Nan laughed.

"He isn't—not a little bit! I don't suppose you'd even call him good looking. He's big—if you like a big man!" She stood back a step, with her hands thrust into the pockets of her blue overall, and eyed the pink blouse critically. "I remember," she went on then, with an unwonted touch of sentiment in her voice, that the first things that struck me about him were his eyes and the size of his boots." She laughed again, a tender little laugh of reminiscence, as she thought of the day when she had first met Peter Lyster; of the queer little feeling that had seemed to shoot through every vein in her body; of the way that—on a curiously reason at all—she had felt the colour rising in her face as she met the whimsical smile in his grey eyes and of the absurdly joyous sensation that had thrilled her to her fingertips.

She had known then, in a sudden flash of illumination, that this was the man for her, and she had told her afterwards that something of the same thought had crossed his own mind—

"This is the woman for me—this is the woman I have unconsciously been waiting for all my life."

It was not often Nan allowed her thoughts to

stray like this; she realised how necessary it was to keep a firm hand on herself during these days, for her own sake and also for the sake of the girl with whom she was sharing hours—the poor little wife of two happy years, who was wearing herself to a shadow, for the sake of a man with a folly laugh and a heart like a lion, who was facing death hundreds of times a day out in France.

But for Nan, Joan Endicott would have broken down under the strain of it a month ago. Nan was a tower of strength to her weakness; her pluck and cheery optimism daily fought the devils of despair and dread that threatened to close down upon the weaker girl and crush her to the earth. It had been a kind Providence indeed that had sent Nan across her pathway just when Tim Endicott was called to face war with all its attendant horrors.

And after all it had been to Nan that trouble had come first, of all at Nan's door, that the dread messenger had knocked to bring his news.

Peter Lyster had been wounded, seriously, so they said at first, but afterwards, better news came, and Nan drew a breath of relief; again, and the strained look left her eyes a little, till now when she knew that he was out of danger and shortly coming home.

If it had been me I should have gone to France as I had had to take every step of the way and swim the Channel," so Joan said after a moment, her thoughts still with that fateful night when the yellow envelope had been put into Nan's hands. "If I hadn't dropped dead first," she added with a little shiver.

Nan made a grimace.

"Ah, but then you're Tim's wife," she said ruefully. "And the War Office don't recognise a sweetheart in the same way. It suppose it's all right for you."

"Anyway, I shall see him soon," she added cheerfully. "And that's the best of all. Now tell me, isn't the blouse a duck?"

Joan raised her mournful eyes to the looking glass.

"Sweet!" she said without much enthusiasm. "It's so kind of you to take all this trouble for me."

"It isn't kind at all," Nan declared briskly. "I love making pretty things, and I love to see you wearing them. Hold up your arm a minute."

She carefully unpinned an adjusted seam, and Joan slipped out of it and went back to her chair.

It was a frail-looking little slip of a thing, with brown eyes that always reminded Nan of a dog's in their mournful dumb pleading; she had once been plump and rosy, but the last eight months had worn her to a shadow, and curved the lips that had been meant for smiles downwards in a tremulous sadness.

She and Nan were a great contrast, for Nan was tall and straight as a willow, with blue eyes and a look that was almost regal.

She had beneath level brows, and a firm mouth with a whimsical line at one corner that gave it an odd, crooked sort of appearance, and a mass of thick, unruly brown hair that curled like a boy's about her face, and was caught up in a knot of artistic dishevelment at the back of her head.

The cotton overall she now wore was as blue as her eyes, and the rather severely cut blouse was a warm downy shade of pink, with a firm throat, and the glimpse of a thin gold chain on which, as Joan knew, hung Peter Lyster's big signet ring.

The ring was too big for Nan to wear, and then she had had no time for her to get to her feet. He had been ordered off to France within five hours of their engagement, and in the wrench of parting other and less things had been forgotten.

"When I get married if ever I do—" she hastened to add, "I should like it to be on the spur of the moment, in my old clothes, and perhaps at five o'clock on a spring morning, if one could persuade a parson to get out of bed at such an hour."

"It's the unexpected that's so delightful, I always think," she went on. "I told Peter when he went away that he wasn't to let me know when he came home on leave—he was just to walk in and take me by surprise."

Joan's brown eyes opened wide.

"But you might be even!" she protested. Nan only laughed.

"So I might be! But then I've got to come in, sooner or later, and then think what a delightful thing it would be to walk in and find him here waiting for me."

Joan shook her head.

"I couldn't stand that. Every time a bell

rang or I heard a knock at the door I should feel that it might be him, and then the dreadful disappointment."

Nan did not admit that her own sensations were very much like this, and had been ever since Peter went away. The knowledge that he was miles away in France did not prevent her heart from going like a sledge-hammer every time the bell rang or a strange step sounded outside. He had said that some day he would walk in when she was least expecting him, and she knew that some day he would keep his promise.

"But it won't be when I'm least expecting you," she had told him. "Because all day and every minute of every day I shall be expecting you and waiting for you—and, oh, Peter—will you think I'm dreadfully sentimental if I say that I shall be just longing for you?"

Nan was naturally undemonstrative, and sometimes it brought the blood to her face to think that she had ever really managed to say that. She supposed it was just the pain of parting with him, that had forced the words to her lips, and she was glad of it.

If she never saw him again. . . . She pulled herself up here sharply—such thoughts were not allowed.

But this evening somehow, as she sat at the machine and fashioned the little pink blouse for Joan, her thoughts were full of Peter.

She was always thinking of him, but this evening somehow it seemed different—almost as if he were close at hand—almost as if she had heard him tell her she could see him that night. Her heartbeats were jerky and out; she wondered if her voice sounded different; it seemed almost as if it ought to.

She went back to her seat at the table and started to sew, but the seam she had picked up the whir, whir of the machine seemed to help her thoughts; as she sewed she was miles away in imagination, out in France, standing in the mud and wet by the side of the only man in the world.

"I suppose all women feel the same," she had once said to Joan; "but to me it's just as if there's only one man in the whole of the British Army. Do you ever feel like that?" she asked.

But Joan had not answered her. She was naturally material, and she had answered that she did not see how that could be when everyone knew that we had something like—four million men, was it, or five?"

Nan wondered why she kept thinking of Peter as he had been when they parted, seeing that for the past six weeks she knew he had been in a base hospital. She wondered why it was that she had never been able to picture him as anything but a small and well-proportioned man, because he was so big and strong. She stifled a little sigh. She had tried so hard not to be impatient—not to let the dread and longing overwhelm her, but this evening once or twice she had almost had her head kept down, and she was very persistent. It seemed to be hovering all about her, waiting for an unguarded moment in which to swoop down and envelop her with its stifling embrace.

"I suppose it must be because I haven't even had his letters to look forward to," she told herself resolutely, as she finished the seam and snapped the cotton: "I wonder how soon he will be well enough to write to me again."

That was the hardest part of all, having to go without any letters.

One of the nurses had written to her several times; kind, cheery letters, and a brother officer had written, too; but they had not been to her. She must not expect to hear from Peter himself—that was not fit to write.

So Nan contented herself by apportioning out the old letters she had received from Peter when he first wrote her, and she laid one on the table in the little sitting room overnight, and in the morning when she came down to breakfast she pretended that it was a new one which she had never read before.

But the game of make-believe is difficult to keep up for long, and sometimes the hours dragged on leaden feet, and a choking impatience would rise in her heart till she felt that she must give way as Joan sometimes did, and let herself down and weep and weep.

And the dark shadow was very close to-night—so close just now that in a sudden panic at herself Nan started up from her chair once more, and went hurriedly back to her room.

"Let's go out," she said; her voice sounded a little rough and incoherent. "I believe I'm tired of the house—let's go to a picture palace and laugh."

She broke off suddenly, catching her breath, and then she remembered that she had a knock at the outer door of the little unpretentious flat which the two girls shared together.

Supposing . . . supposing it should be Peter. . . .

Nan did not look at Joan, though she knew Joan was looking at her; she dared not raise her eyes from the glowing heart of the fire, though she felt as if her racing heartbeats would choke her.

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Nan Marraby.

overstrained nerves made her snatch at the little bit of pasteboard as if she had been waiting for it.

"Lieutenant John Arnott."

She read the name aloud—the blood hammered at her temples.

"It's John Arnott—the man who wrote to me when Peter was wounded," she said breathlessly.

She passed the girl and went out into the narrow hall. A man stood in the open doorway—a man in khaki; he turned rather slyly as he heard her step; he saluted gravely.

"Miss Marraby?"

"Yes," Nan felt as if all her breath had gone out in that little monosyllabic answer; a rough hand seemed to be gripping her throat; something was the matter—he had come to tell her . . . to tell her . . . she swayed forward with momentary loss of self control, gripping his arm.

"What is it? What is it? . . . it's Peter—tell me—tell me!"

The man answered hastily.

"No, no—I'm sorry if I startled you; it's nothing—nothing like that. Please don't be afraid. I promise you that Peter is all right—he is quite well."

Nan felt back, weak and breathless; she forced a shaky laugh.

"I'm sorry—I'm not often such a fool. Won't you come in?"

She held the door for him to enter; she shut it behind him with slow precision; she wanted a moment in which to recover herself before she went back to Joan; she was almost herself again when she led the way into the little sitting room.

Joan, this Lieutenant Arnott—Mrs. Endicott. She pulled forward a chair. "Won't you sit down?"

But John Arnott shook his head; he was a square-built, rather clumsy-looking young man, with a freckled face and reddish hair cropped close to his head. He seemed ill at ease too; he twisted his cap nervously by the peak as he stood there by the table staring at the sewing machine and the half-finished pink blouse.

Nan watched him closely; she had got over her first panic, but deep down in her heart was the conviction that this man's visit was in some way connected with Peter—that it was on Peter's account that he had come; she felt an impatient irritation with his awkwardness; after a moment she said again—

"Oh, do please sit down."

Arnott started. He said, "Oh—er, thanks," he beyond moving a step forward, did not obey. He went on—"I—er—I'm a friend of Lyster's. We went out to France together last October." He paused and cleared his throat violently.

"I—er—of course, you know he's been wounded."

"Yes," Nan's hands were thrust deep down into the pockets of the blue overall once more; her fingers were clenched, the nails cutting deep into her soft palms.

"But he's all right now," she went on shrilly. "They told me that he was quite out of danger."

He raised his troubled eyes to her pale face for a moment.

"Yes—that is quite true," he said; "but—but he has had a bad shock. I dare say you've heard of such cases—and I thought—I thought before you see him."

Nan took a step forward.

"Before I see him! Where is he, then?"

For an instant he seemed to hesitate; then he said abruptly:

"He is here—in London—we crossed last night."

Here!

All the blood in Nan's body seemed to rush in an overwhelming flood to her heart; for a moment she closed her eyes giddily and caught a chair back to steady herself.

"Here—in London! Peter! This, then, was why he had seemed so near to her all day—why she had felt in some mysterious fashion that she was soon to see him.

"Oh! I see!" she said softly, breathlessly.

Arnott frowned.

"I'm afraid I'm a rotten hand at explaining things," he said jerkily. "I—I hope you'll forgive me if what I'm going to say hurts you, but he's changed a great deal since you saw him, Miss Marraby. He—he—" He stopped

(Continued on page 11.)



The Countess of Cromartie, who has written a new play for the benefit of the Lord Roberts Memorial.

THE GREAT SWEEP.

A Week-end of Unabated Successes on the Western Front.

THERE is a rush for the newspapers these days. It is true that we have no contents bills to indicate what is happening in the great war area, but the papers themselves afford pleasant reading, as one learns of village after village falling before the advance of the French and British troops. Even the pessimists have ceased to croak.

Another Big Night at the House.

I HEAR there has been a widespread demand for tickets of admission to the House of Commons to-day. The big attraction is Mr. Asquith's eagerly-awaited statement on the Dardanelles Report. He may be relied upon to present a concise and masterly case in his own defence, and his political friends are confident that it will create a good impression. Incidentally, he will, I hear, have some important things to say on behalf of Lord Kitchener.

Mr. Churchill's Speech.

ANOTHER speech which is awaited with feverish interest is that of Mr. Churchill. If the ex-First Lord is permitted to go fully into the details connected with the campaign he will be able to tell one of the most dramatic stories in this year of surprises. Many M.P.s. I am told, are anxious to "catch the Speaker's eye" in to-night's debate.

Six Weeks to Go.

THERE is much political speculation over the fact that the Government has not yet come to a decision on the prolongation of the life of Parliament, which, without another special measure, would end in six weeks. I believe the matter has been under consideration, but nothing definite has been arrived at. With Mr. Bonar Law's hint of a possible election it has given rise to a good deal of gossip.

Measles in London.

PRINCESS PATRICIA, who is ill with measles, has many sister sufferers in London. A doctor tells me that scores of girls are suffering from the disease. In some City offices the female staffs are seriously depleted through this cause. Very few men appear to have been affected by the epidemic.

U-Boats and U. Boats.

U-BOATS have been mentioned in the French communiqués. Of late we have been more familiar with U. boats.

M.P.'s Advice to Tradesmen.

I OBSERVE that Major C. G. C. Hamilton, M.P., the Director of Enrolment, has been addressing some sapient words of advice to a National Service meeting at Bermuda. He counselled skilled tradesmen to enrol rather as war munition workers than as National Service volunteers, for then, if moved to another sphere of work where the scale of pay was lower they would be paid at the higher rate.

A Business Man.

ALTHOUGH not yet a prominent figure in the House of Commons, the gallant major entered the Popular Chamber with good credentials for office in a Business Government. He is the managing director of a famous firm of electrical engineers, and has represented business interests in India, Bulgaria, Greece, Russia and Egypt. He has sat for the Altrincham Division of Cheshire since 1913.



Major C. G. C. Hamilton, M.P.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

A Welcome Announcement.

The Daily Mirror has been inundated by letters of appreciation from readers since the announcement was made that Miss Ruby M. Ayres has written the serial story which begins to-day. The opening instalment of "The Man Who Forgot" will be found on page 9.

A Great Story.

MISS AYRES was asked for a good story—she has produced one which is great; for, undoubtedly, "The Man Who Forgot" will delight its readers and enhance its author's reputation. Miss Ayres has to bear the burden of her great popularity, but she seems to find that it is not in the least oppressive; and she invariably rises to the occasion.

A Duchess v. a Doctor.

WHO WOULD THINK so charming a lady as the Duchess of Marlborough could have an antagonist? Yet Sir Charles Waldstein, who gave a tea party at his Bruton-street house yesterday to discuss the helping on of mothercraft, which is the Duchess' favourite project, confided to us that Sir James Crichton-Browne opposes her quite seriously about the need for teaching the mothers.

Snappy Titles.

THE DUCHESS HERSELF arrived somewhat late during the lecture part of the afternoon and refused to be led up to the seat of honour, taking instead a chair in the back row. I can't tell you what distinguished societies advocate this mothercraft scheme because they none of them have less than eight words in their titles and paper is dear. How benevolent societies love titles like the N.S.P.P.W.A.F., don't they?

Inexorable.

NOW THAT large posters are forbidden there is still less excuse for hoarding.

A Soldier-Novelist.

AT THE CLUB the other evening a group of men were discussing novels of the sea. Several insisted that Maurice Drake's "The Ocean Sleuth" was one of the most dramatic sea romances of recent years. By an odd coincidence an hour later I met the author, Captain Maurice Drake, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, in the Strand.



Capt. Maurice Drake.

On the Somme.

HE WAS LOOKING well after his recent illness. He served on the Somme from May until November. He told me he expected to return to France soon. "There is little time for writing novels at the front," he said, when I asked if he was doing another sea romance. Captain Drake is an authority on stained glass and a glass painter himself. He is one of the best story-tellers I know.

New Graves Sketch.

WE SHALL SHORTLY see Mr. George Graves in a new sketch at the Coliseum. It is called "The Side of Mr. Bacon." For the present Mr. Graves is in France somewhere in the big advance amusing our troops.

"At the Piano."

WHEN THE THEATRES "slump" entertainers feel the benefit. The manager of an entertainment agency told me that the "draught" which the playhouses were feeling had blown good to him, as inquiries for "musical sketch" men and such performers are numerous.

Ruskin's Birthplace.

HOW MANY of those who worship the memory of John Ruskin, I wonder, are aware that his birthplace is now occupied by soldiers? How many of the soldiers, I should like to know, regard this residence as an aesthetic privilege?

Ma-tial Bloomsbury.

BLOOMSBURY, indeed, has its full share of martial glory, and it is an every-day experience to see men drilling in the grounds of the Foundling Hospital, while in another part of the grounds the little foundlings—boys and girls—drill also.

"Suzette."

I SAW the young composer, Mr. Max Darewski, on Sunday night. He is very busy now, for not only is he going to conduct the performance of "Hanky Panky" at the Empire, but he has been writing the music for the new musical comedy, "Suzette," at the Globe, in which Mile. Gaby Deslys will appear next Tuesday.



Mile. Gaby Deslys

A Big Success.

AFTER LEAVING Mr. Darewski I went on to the Alhambra to hear Mr. George Robey's concert. There was a first-class programme and a packed house. Mr. Robey may congratulate himself on the success of his efforts. He told me yesterday that his Palladium concert for the Union Jack Extension Fund realised over £800, while the Alhambra show, which was for the Motor Transport Volunteers, will bring in over £1,000.

A Notable Gathering.

I HAVE SELDOM seen a more distinguished congregation than that which gathered within the grey walls of Westminster Abbey yesterday for the memorial service to the late Duchess of Connaught. Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Prime Minister, Mr. Bonar Law, peers and peeresses, military and naval attaches, representatives of our Dominions, and notable leaders of the social world were among the famous people at the service.

Khaki and Blue.

IN THE DIM LIGHT of the Abbey I saw many notable men in blue and khaki. The Army was represented by Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dundonald, Lieutenant-General H. A. Fletcher, Brigadier-General R. M. Anderson (Australian Forces), Surgeon-General Sir A. Keogh, Sir Howard Mellis (Imperial Service Troops of India) and several officers of the Grenadier Guards. Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, Admiral Sir Wilmot Cox and Captain the Hon. Rupert Guinness were also there.

A Beautiful Service.

IT WAS a strangely beautiful service. The effect of the vast congregation singing in unison, accompanied by the exquisite voice of the organ and the sweet troubles of the boy members of a perfectly-balanced choir, was extremely impressive.

A Trio of Irish Peeresses.

THESE MEMORIAL SERVICES are bitter trials to women who know what loss is, as one can see by their faces as they file out. Lady Drogheda, in mourning, was at the very back. Lady Limerick, whose son was falsely reported killed, followed the beautiful Lady Annesley, whose stepson was killed while flying.

At Windsor.

A FRIEND who was at the funeral ceremony at Windsor tells me that it was very impressive. "The solemnity of the occasion," he says, "was emphasised by the sympathetic way in which the Archbishop of Canterbury read the opening prayers. The King appeared to be greatly moved." My friend noticed Mr. Asquith in the congregation. He thought that he was looking in better health than for some time.

Fiction.

GERMAN'S valetudinarian fiction writers are doing work of national importance. They are now writing the official reports of Zepp raids on London.

Red Cross Sale.

I MADE ONE of the crowd which poured into Christie's yesterday to see the collection of precious things which have been presented to the Red Cross Society. One of the most interesting exhibits is the bronze sacrificial bowl which has been presented by the King.

Prerogative Portrait.

QUITE A LOT of interest seemed to be aroused by Sir Luke Fildes' black and white drawing of the Prime Minister. A number of gifts have been sent in by members of the Royal Family. The sales begin on Thursday. THE RAMBLER.

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles, if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to wash the stomach, liver, kidneys and the intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile, and indigestible material left over in the body which if not eliminated every day become food for the millions of bacteria which infect the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood, causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and bad the next, but who simply cannot get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the Danderine Co. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

SAVE YOUR HAIR! DANDERINE STOPS DANDRUFF.

Every bit of dandruff disappears and hair stops coming out.—Try this! Your hair appears glossy, abundant, wavy, and beautiful.

Thin, brittle, colourless and scraggy hair is more evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff that will not scour.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine to-night—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a shilling bottle of Knowlton's Danderine, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, lustre and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance, an incomparable gloss and softness; but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. All chemists sell and recommend Danderine, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 3d.—no increase in price.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.—(Advt.)

GET THIS DIET BOOK.

Food is as important to the sick person as medicine, more so in most cases. A badly chosen diet may retard recovery.

In health the natural appetite is the best guide to follow; in sickness the appetite is often fickle and depraved.

Proper food and a good tonic will keep most people in good health. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people are the most popular tonic medicine in the world, harmless, non-alcoholic, and certain in its action, which is to build up the blood and to restore vitality to the run-down system. For growing girls who become thin and pale, for pale, tired women, for old people who fail in strength, Dr. Williams' pink pills are an ideal tonic.

To enable those who give these pills a trial to observe intelligent care in the diet, the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. will send on request free a diet book, "What to Eat and How to Eat." It is full of useful information, and whether you are well or ill, it is a good book to have. Send for your copy, addressing a memorandum to Offer Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

You will do well to begin Dr. Williams' pink pills to-day; any dealer can supply you, but see that you obtain Dr. Williams'—(Advt.)

EYE TROUBLES and how to End them



My book, "How to Preserve Your Eyesight," relates the history from 1896 to 1917 of Singleton's Eye Ointment, the famous English remedy for troubles of eyes, eyelids and eyelashes. For 21 years this wonderful healing balm has been curing inflammation, styes, ulcers, cold, sore or watery eyes and was the first to be used by the British Army and Navy in the trenches for the after-effects of gassing, etc. Of all Chemists, in ancient pedlars' pots, 2s. 3d., but it must be SINGLETON'S, 2s. 3d. and sent free. Foreign postage extra. Mention the D.M. and send to Stephen Green, 210, Lambeth Road, London, S.E., for book.

"THE MAN WHO FORGOT," By MISS RUBY M. AYRES, BEGINS TO-DAY. See page 9

Daily Mirror

A SERMON ON THE STAGE.



Mr. Backhouse.



Mr. Watson.

Polling takes place at Stockton to-day. Mr. J. B. Watson is the Coalition candidate, and Mr. Edward Backhouse the Peace candidate.



Miss Acland.



Mr. Stafford.

Mr. Cecil Stafford (K.R.R.C.), son of Sir Thomas Stafford, Bart., and Miss Sarah Beatrice Acland, who are engaged.—(Swaine.)

THE COACHMAN'S HAT.



The tonneau coat which is worn with an artistic "coachman's hat." It can now be seen at Ernest's. —(Exclusive to *Daily Mirror*.)



The husband and wife discussing the future.



The M.P. listens to stories told to the doctor.

Brieux's "Damaged Goods," which has been staged at the St. Martin's Theatre, is a powerful sermon, as it drives home the horror of the evil, and thus acts as a warning.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

VICAR'S SUNDAY WORK.



The Rev. W. W. Bickford, vicar of St. Day (Cornwall), who has suspended Sunday morning services in order that he can till the soil.

GREAT CROWD AT IRISH NATIONAL FORESTERS' CHURCH PARADE.



This annual church parade was held at Dublin by permission of the military authorities.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

Be Sure to Read

THE MAN WHO FORGOT

By RUBY M. AYRES



NAN MAHRBARY.

The Best Story this very Popular Author has ever written.

A Story of Absorbing Human Interest which will enthral you Begins To-day on Page 9.